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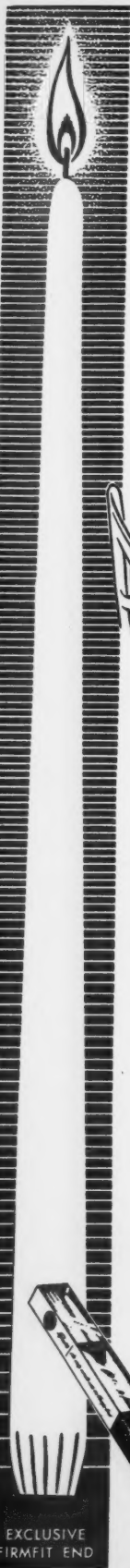
“Speaking of Liberals...”

..... *JOHN LaFARGE*

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America

National Catholic Weekly Review

Vol. XCIV, No. 11, Whole No. 2430

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It is a heavy burden that we have assumed, but we do so in the spirit of the Cross of Christ. Our minimum need for the next two years is 400,000 pounds sterling, i. e., about \$1.2 million. Any contribution that you may be able to send will be gratefully accepted.

Perhaps those who want to help in this struggle to save the Catholic education of the Bantu would be interested. The address is Archdiocesan Office, 2 Bouquet St., Cape Town, So. Africa.

ROBERT GUINTEH
Reading, Pa.

Jesuits Tolerated, Barely

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A couple of glib rascals of tailors, in Hans Christian Andersen's story, persuaded the emperor that they were fitting him with new clothes made of fabric so superfine that it could not be seen or felt. Thus persuaded, the emperor, like Milton's Adam, clad only "with native honor," went forth to take part in a royal procession. Courtiers and populace studiously avoided any reference to his nude condition.

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Of course the enforced separation stamped the colored race with a badge of inferiority; but most white Americans went on pretending that it didn't. In recent years the pretense became harder and harder to keep up. It was finally punctured by the decision of the Supreme Court on May 17 last year. And Chief Justice Warren, speaking for the court, went into no complicated legal arguments. He simply said what almost everybody in the country was thinking.

His words produced a sort of chain reaction of similar decisions, of which the ICC's is one of the latest. The traditional American spirit of human decency is on the march now, and no politician or demagog is going to stop its progress.

Unionists in Manhattan

Most of the labor leaders who swelled the crowds in midtown Manhattan last week seemed eager to finish the unity task which brought them together. Even as the CIO and AFL went about the business of holding their last separate conventions, joint committees were hammering out final details of the big merger meeting set for Dec. 5. After nearly twenty years of disunity, these men worked as if under some moral compulsion to unite brother with brother and restore the solidarity of the nation's trade unionists.

Not all the delegates, however, shared the general enthusiasm for unity. Leaders of some of the smaller unions were fearful lest in the general eagerness

Editorials

New

The article on Morocco in this issue on a most hopeful note for the future of protectorate of France. Admitting the independent country faces "difficult" pondent can still see Morocco ever place among the free nations of the depend on how the "intelligent" Mohammed Ben Youssef guides his labyrinth of modern world politics inevitable, sovereignty."

INTRANSIGENTS

Domestic politics, too, are bound of the recently returned Sultan. No exiled Ben Youssef been restored November 16 than new outbreaks of violence to plunge the country once again in example, the deputy of the Pasha of made his obeisance to Ben Youssef in the rioting mobs in the very city of Rabat.

The tenacious Pharisees who came to question John the Baptist as to his true identity offered him a tolerably wide choice of possible answers, all of which John promptly and firmly rejected. No, he was not the Messiah; no, he was not Elias leading a double life; no, he was not the Prophet at all. Moreover, John showed no special inclination to identify or talk about himself in any way. Pressed, however, by his questioners, the Baptist made a curious but significant response. He said he was a voice.

It would be difficult to imagine anything, at least on the level of rationality, more impersonal and more disembodied than a voice. But John was not indulging in graceful and attractive self-disparagement. His manners were not the elaborate ones of *men that go clad in silk* and are to be found in *Kings' palaces*. The noble precursor of Christ was merely remarking, in his blunt way and without a shadow of complaint, that both he and his whole function possessed purely relative value. As John observed with equal matter-of-factness on another occasion, *He [Christ] must become more and more, I must become less and less*.

The truth is that the mortal life of this great and gallant man was about as bleak and unrewarding as a human existence could possibly be.

We do not mean simply that the life of John the Baptist was rugged and austere, far removed as it was from normal human comfort and even normal human

f 10.9 million, and from CIO affiliation with 5.2 million members. But was nobody to speak for the rail-brotherhoods, or for the United Workers, or for Communist-dominated unions like the Mine, Mill and Inter Workers and the West Coast shoremens. If the Labor Department's most recent figures on union membership are correct, about 1.8 million unions belong to these and other The CP unions, but the other moral would have been heartily show in

Jobs for Older Workers

In cooperation with the Missouri State Employment Office, St. Louis University will shortly undertake an experiment to ease the cruel plight of the unemployed older worker. The project, based on plans devised by Anthony Salamone, director of the University's Adult Education Center, is being aided by a grant of \$5,000 from the U. S. Department of Labor.

The first phase of Mr. Salamone's approach calls for a one-day institute at which employers and labor leaders

society. The dedicated man is not rare who will doggedly bear notable personal hardship in a high cause. The special pathos of John is that he labored unsparingly in a cause, unhesitatingly turned over to Christ the best of his achievement, and then was abruptly cut off, first by vindictive imprisonment, finally by the most cruel and pointless death, from any share or sight of what he had devoted his life to bring about.

There is a small—or perhaps not so small—army of Christian layfolk who ought to find deep comfort in the comfortless history of John, the beloved kinsman of the Word Incarnate. For the lives of not a few truly good people are as bleak and unrewarding as that of John the Baptist.

A certain Catholic woman, having buried, in steady succession, mother, father and all the other members of a large family and having lived alone for years, is now threatened with the total loss of her sight. A gentle, kindly fellow of 35 who has been a lifelong diabetic, who has never so much as enjoyed a carefree, unrestricted meal, is deeply concerned lest he soon be unable to provide for an ailing mother and father. There are all the graying men and women who from youth have resolutely set aside their own freedom and opportunities in order to take care of dependent parents or raise younger brothers and sisters.

All of these, and so many more like them, will see no reward, will receive little thanks, will find small merriment in what remains of their heavy lives. Yet no one of these must think for a single moment, though the blank future seem no less empty and pointless than the weary past, that his years on this ambiguous earth were wasted, that, for all their weight, they lie feather-like in the mighty scales of God.

John the Baptist was nothing but a voice; but a voice that spoke eloquently of Christ Jesus. Many a Christian life seems no more than a dark shadow; but it is the shadow—to be brightened eternally—of the heroic, unselfish, dedicated life of the same Christ Jesus.

VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

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for unity and solidarity they be swallowed up by rival and bigger organizations. They were not quieted by assurances that under the new AFL-CIO constitution they would have as much protection as they ever had under the old AFL or CIO setup. Other leaders were apprehensive about the somewhat tighter disciplinary powers which the enlarged AFL-CIO high command is to enjoy.

Then, too, not all the nation's trade unionists were represented in New York last week. There were delegates from AFL affiliates having a total member-

ship of 10.9 million, and from CIO affiliates with 5.2 million members. But there was nobody to speak for the railroad brotherhoods, or for the United Mine Workers, or for Communist-dominated unions like the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers and the West Coast longshoremen. If the Labor Department's most recent figures on union membership are correct, about 1.8 million unionists belong to these and other non-affiliated organizations. No one missed the CP unions, but the other independents would have been heartily welcomed.

Jobs for Older Workers

In cooperation with the Missouri State Employment Office, St. Louis University will shortly undertake an experiment to ease the cruel plight of the unemployed older worker. The project, based on plans devised by Anthony Salamone, director of the University's Adult Education Center, is being aided by a grant of \$5,000 from the U. S. Department of Labor.

The first phase of Mr. Salamone's approach calls for a one-day institute at which employers and labor leaders

THE WORD

[Almost everybody reads Father McCorry. In case you don't, why not start this week? ED.]

And he told them, I am what the prophet Isaias spoke of, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Straighten out the way of the Lord (John 1:23; Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent).

The tenacious Pharisees who came to question John the Baptist as to his true identity offered him a tolerably wide choice of possible answers, all of which John promptly and firmly rejected. No, he was not the Messiah; no, he was not Elias leading a double life; no, he was not the Prophet at all. Moreover, John showed no special inclination to identify or talk about himself in any way. Pressed, however, by his questioners, the Baptist made a curious but significant response. He said he was a voice.

It would be difficult to imagine anything, at least on the level of rationality, more impersonal and more disembodied than a voice. But John was not indulging in graceful and attractive self-disparagement. His manners were not the elaborate ones of *men that go clad in silk* and are to be found in *Kings' palaces*. The noble precursor of Christ was merely remarking, in his blunt way and without a shadow of complaint, that both he and his whole function possessed purely relative value. As John observed with equal matter-of-factness on another occasion, *He [Christ] must become more and more, I must become less and less*.

The truth is that the mortal life of this great and gallant man was about as bleak and unrewarding as a human existence could possibly be.

We do not mean simply that the life of John the Baptist was rugged and austere, far removed as it was from normal human comfort and even normal human

society. The dedicated man is not rare who will doggedly bear notable personal hardship in a high cause. The special pathos of John is that he labored unsparingly in a cause, unhesitatingly turned over to Christ the best of his achievement, and then was abruptly cut off, first by vindictive imprisonment, finally by the most cruel and pointless death, from any share or sight of what he had devoted his life to bring about.

There is a small—or perhaps not so small—army of Christian layfolk who ought to find deep comfort in the comfortless history of John, the beloved kinsman of the Word Incarnate. For the lives of not a few truly good people are as bleak and unrewarding as that of John the Baptist.

A certain Catholic woman, having buried, in steady succession, mother, father and all the other members of a large family and having lived alone for years, is now threatened with the total loss of her sight. A gentle, kindly fellow of 35 who has been a lifelong diabetic, who has never so much as enjoyed a carefree, unrestricted meal, is deeply concerned lest he soon be unable to provide for an ailing mother and father. There are all the graying men and women who from youth have resolutely set aside their own freedom and opportunities in order to take care of dependent parents or raise younger brothers and sisters.

All of these, and so many more like them, will see no reward, will receive little thanks, will find small merriment in what remains of their heavy lives. Yet no one of these must think for a single moment, though the blank future seem no less empty and pointless than the weary past, that his years on this ambiguous earth were wasted, that, for all their weight, they lie featherlike in the mighty scales of God.

John the Baptist was nothing but a voice; but a voice that spoke eloquently of Christ Jesus. Many a Christian life seems no more than a dark shadow; but it is the shadow—to be brightened eternally—of the heroic, unselfish, dedicated life of the same Christ Jesus.

VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

in the St. Louis area will be made acquainted with the employment problem of older workers and asked to suggest ways and means of keeping them in the labor market.

This will be followed by a "man marketing clinic." All unemployed women over 35 and men over 45 will be invited to attend the clinic. There they will be interviewed by personnel directors from local industry who will seek to determine their chances of employment in a competitive labor market. This questioning is expected to disclose individual deficiencies and training needs.

As the final step in the program, the university will organize classes in which the unemployed, in the light of needs revealed in the clinic, can learn how to qualify for specific jobs. They will also be taught such down-to-earth details as the best techniques to use in applying for jobs and in "selling" themselves and their talents to prospective employers.

If the St. Louis experiment is even partially successful, it will certainly be imitated. The problem it deals with is nation-wide.

CONSCIENCES

Germ Warfare Research

The H-bomb is not the only weapon of mass destruction that calls for delicate public treatment. In his solemn warnings Pope Pius XII has bracketed nuclear warfare with bacteriological and chemical warfare. But whereas our Government has learned to be discreet about the bomb, it seems to forget that the other fearful instruments require the same restraint.

A civilian advisory committee recently urged the Army's Chemical Corps to "develop agents and weapons for chemical, biological and radiological warfare to the fullest extent the human mind can encompass." The authors of

this cold-blooded recommendation did not see fit, however, to indicate that they were impressed by the moral implications of such a program or the possible impact of their words on world opinion. And neither the Pentagon, which released the report, nor Army Secretary, William M. Brucker, who approved it Nov. 6, corrected the deficiency.

No doubt there are arguments to justify the recommended program, at least in theory. On the other hand, the American people and its officials should never let pass an opportunity to emphasize, for our own benefit as well as that of world opinion, our profound horror of this kind of warfare.

X for Office Parties?

Life, purveyor and often glamorizer of the good life (American style), seems to think that soon there will be a big X marking the area in the

For a Better World: Second Counter-Reformation

We shall be hearing more in the near future of the movement "For a Better World," chosen by the Holy Father as the December intention of the Apostleship of Prayer. We shall hear more, too, from its chief promoter, a young Italian priest.

Shortly after the war's end a new apostle appeared in Italy. His eloquence attracted crowds like those of the golden age of Italy's missionary preachers. He was Padre Riccardo Lombardi who up till then had been writing on philosophy for the Jesuit fortnightly in Rome, *La Civiltà Cattolica*. But his philosophical studies had not robbed him of the common touch. His Crusade of Love, after having moved all Italy, spilled over to other countries, including the United States, which he visited in 1951.

This was only a prelude and preparation for a more important mission. When Pope Pius XII launched the crusade "*per un mondo migliore*" in his February 10, 1952 message to the Roman people (*Catholic Mind*, June, 1952), Fr. Lombardi took the Pope's wish for a command. In that message, repeated and extended to a wider audience in later messages, the Pope warned of the dangers of moral collapse facing the world if it did not at once begin to rebuild itself upon sounder principles of life. "It is an entire world," he cried, "which must be rebuilt from its foundations, transformed from savage to human, from human to divine, that is to say, according to the heart of God."

At the time, many people probably took this chal-

lenge as a rhetorical generality. Subsequent events have shown, however, that the Holy Father envisaged a program of action. Two themes dominate the crusade or movement: winning the world to Christ and internal renovation of the Church herself.

Fr. Lombardi does not hesitate to call the movement a second Catholic Counter-Reformation, this time not against Protestantism, but against modern errors and their cultural inroads on all of us, Catholics included. In his book, *Pio XII per un mondo migliore* (*Civiltà Cattolica*, 1954), he candidly says:

We want to begin the systematic examination of our entire camp, to try in an organic way to review all our positions—intellectual, moral and practical—in the face of a world that has wandered far from our thought.

To his "Better World" retreats, conducted outside of Rome in the past two years, have come 4,000 priests and many religious, including provincials and general superiors. Groups of bishops to a total of 150 have met on at least five occasions with him and with each other to examine their problems in the light of the crisis of a world badly needing reconstruction. Lay leaders, too, have come together for the same purpose. Results thus far are encouraging and new centers are arising in other countries, such as Spain and Brazil. The movement aims at winning the world to Christ, but it wants first of all to prepare the souls of the Catholic elite, lay and ecclesiastic. ROBERT A. GRAHAM

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10, 1955

U. S. cultural scene once occupied by office Christmas parties. It's a custom that's passing, *Life* reports. Less than half of 265 companies polled in Chicago last year were holding on to the hour of "crowded, shrill, desperately purposeful pleasure." Instead, many firms are using the office-party budget to give parties for orphans, to adopt child victims of the war, and so on.

This gives us something to think about. Certainly, if office parties are held, they ought to be *after* Christmas, so that the spirit of Advent may, to this extent at least, be preserved. And equally certainly, if, even after Christmas, they threaten to be a "shrill and desperately purposeful" pleasure, an X would very happily mark the spot of their demise.

A good office party, run at the right time and filled with fun and relaxation, can be a fine way of bringing closer together those who simply work together the rest of the year. In this, they can be a very practical work of charity. But if past experience shows, or present suspicions suggest, that the party will tend to desecrate rather than ennoble the spirit of Christmas, by all means let's put the X on them and turn the funds to better use.

The Bishops on the Movies

Are too many U. S. movie producers in foolhardy and irresponsible fashion trying to see how close to the edge of the cliff they can drive? Are they skirting so close to violations of the moral provisions of the Motion Picture Production Code—which they themselves voluntarily adopted—that pictures are getting more and more suggestive?

The Catholic bishops of the United States at their recent annual meeting in Washington, said yes. Because of "the increased laxity that has been evident in the application of the code," they charged, there was in 1954 an increase of 11 per cent in "B" pictures, films "objectionable in part for all."

Film-firm heads and Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, have been "pondering the charge in silence," but Dore Schary, vice president at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, while generously granting the bishops the right to criticize, says

he thinks the increase of "B" films is mainly due to "rigid Catholic standards on divorce."

This won't quite wash. Anyone, we think, who sees movies regularly does not have to have pointed out to him the dozens of films, otherwise unobjectionable and even good, that are made slyly slimy by the utterly gratuitous introduction of the near-strip tease, the sexy dance, the off-color lines.

There seems little doubt that we need the bishops' call to waken us from "the moral apathy" which many people show in their selection of film entertainment.

ABROAD

The Meto Alliance

On paper, at least, the Baghdad Pact, formally activated on Nov. 22 and henceforth to be known at Meto (for Middle East Treaty Organization), looks like an accomplishment. Meto links four Middle Eastern countries on the southern perimeter of the Soviet Union in an alliance with Great Britain. Turkey, Iran, Iraq and Pakistan now form a defense crescent from the Bosphorus to the Khyber Pass. Had not the Soviets jumped the gun by offering arms to Egypt and emerging as a factor in the power politics south of this "northern tier" of Middle Eastern states, Meto might be a more pretentious organization than the facts now warrant.

By vaulting over the Meto states Russia has given her answer to this "containment" bloc. Not only are the Soviets wooing Egypt but they are carrying on increasing diplomatic and trade activity with Syria, Lebanon and Saudi Arabia. Pending Soviet success, the "northern tier" nations may yet find themselves caught between Russia and a Soviet-supported "southern cluster" of Arab nations. If so, Meto already suffers from an inherent weakness—the inability to keep Russia out of the Middle East.

Despite its obvious impotence, however, Meto still remains a valuable addition to the free-world system of defense alliances. The firm anti-communism of the nations involved is now on record. Moreover, for the first time

countries in the area are cooperating in a pact which finds its cohesion in something other than antagonism to Israel. The Middle East has needed the urge to think in terms far broader than the Israeli problem alone. Meto gives them the opportunity.

Church-State in Vietnam

News that the Government of South Vietnam is restoring to press censorship is disturbing enough. That the censorship should be coupled with interference in Church administration is downright perplexing, particularly since the free world has been given to understand that President Ngo Dinh Diem and democratic government are practically synonymous terms.

According to an NC report, dated Nov. 26, the Vietnamese Government has been indulging in some pretty childish antics in Saigon. As NC correspondent Rev. Patrick O'Connor relates, President Diem, for some reason or other, is opposed to the appointment of Bishop-elect Simon Nguyen Van Hien as Vicar Apostolic of Saigon. Censoring all news of Msgr. Hien's impending consecration, the Government has requested the Holy See to change the appointment. While the authorities are not expected to interfere with the consecration, the whispering campaign against the bishop-elect and the ill will it has caused may continue to foment trouble.

Moreover, Fr. O'Connor sees in the incident a reflection of a growing tendency in Vietnam to interfere in Church affairs. Priests' letters are opened in the post office. Rumors abound that the Church, bishops, priests and Catholic organizations may be in for Government regimentation. The outcome may even be indirect restrictions on preaching and pressure on foreign missionaries to get out of Vietnam.

This review has consistently supported Ngo Dinh Diem, not on the ground of his Catholicism, but because he seemed to be the only available political figure capable of unifying Vietnam's variety of politico-religious factions and ushering in an era of truly representative government. We trust our confidence in him is not about to be destroyed.

Washington Front

Some unusual events on the political scene have been taking place this past summer and fall. First of all, of course, there was uncertainty about President Eisenhower's running again, as a result of his unfortunate illness. Still earlier, both major parties had decided on August conventions, and therefore on shorter campaigns. Then there was Adlai Stevenson's very early declaration of candidacy, almost a year before the elections next November. There was the breakup of bipartisanship in foreign policy, when Stevenson, Truman, Kefauver and Harriman, one after the other, attacked the Administration in this field.

Finally, just as the Administration program was being hammered out for the President's State of the Union message on January 20, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson jumped the gun with a 13-point message of his own, which he presented to his party as its program for the second session of the 84th Congress.

Of all these events, it may very well be that Senator Johnson's act may prove to be the most important. Except for one point, an ambiguous reference to the regulation of natural gas at the source, it received the almost

unanimous acceptance of prominent Democrats. Republican reaction was typically divided. Some scoffed at it as "just another New Deal-Fair Deal program." Others, however, perhaps better advised, charged that Mr. Johnson had stolen the President's thunder, since all the points in it were sure to be featured in his State of the Union message, as they had been in 1954 and 1955, though they were never fully passed. The meaning of all this was, of course, that the Democrats were bent on building up a record of legislative performance for November's elections, and in default of that, for a platform to run on in 1956. The ironical part of it is that that would make the Democrats run on an Eisenhower platform. It is known that the President is bent on getting health, housing and highway legislation, and all the other points that are in Mr. Johnson's message, while a sizable section of his party is violently opposed to them.

The split on foreign policy may be serious. Sen. Walter George of Georgia has already disagreed with his four fellow Democrats, and the White House applauded. But it has been common Democratic doctrine that the Administration policy has been merely a continuation of the Roosevelt-Acheson-Truman line, and that politics stops at the water's edge. Can it be that we have here no disagreement on policies themselves, but only on Mr. Dulles' methods in carrying them out at home and abroad?

WILFRID PARSONS

Underscorings

►FIFTY YEARS of the Catholic Church Extension Society were hailed at a banquet in Chicago Nov. 22. The society is the chief home mission organization in this country. Five Cardinals and some 120 archbishops and bishops were in attendance for the two-day annual meeting, of which the jubilee banquet was the closing act. Auxiliary Bishop William D. O'Brien of Chicago, president of Extension, said that the society's benefactions during 50 years exceeded \$40 million. In that time it founded over 7,000 mission chapels. In its jubilee year Extension spent \$2.2 million for the home missions, building 110 chapels in 43 dioceses.

►MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY will be co-sponsor with the American Society for Engineering Education of the eighth annual college-industry conference, which will meet at the university

Jan. 26, 1956. The theme will be "Humanities and Engineering." A third co-sponsor is the Wisconsin Society of Professional Engineers, whose two-day program on "Engineers and Public Affairs" will follow the college-industry conference.

►ONE OF THE MOST effective agents for the integration of students of different racial origins in American schools is the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students, now in its seventh year (6 East 82nd St., New York 28). According to its report for 1954-55, the number of students it has helped to enrol in interracial colleges stands at almost 3,300. It has granted scholarships totaling nearly \$1 million. As the result of a very extensive talent-search program, a large number of the enrollees came from still or formerly segregated States.

►THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY Movement, whose headquarters are at 100 W. Monroe St., Chicago 3, Ill., publishes *Act*, a monthly newsletter that tells what CFM groups are doing around the world (\$1 yearly). The movement has 5,000 member couples in 75 dioceses.

►THE MARIOLOGICAL Society of America will hold its seventh national convention Jan. 3-4, 1956 at the Hotel New Yorker, New York City. The topic for discussion will be Our Lady's Virginity. Information about the society can be obtained from the Marian Library at the University of Dayton, Dayton 9, Ohio. The library will send its monthly *Newsletter* free of charge.

►THE LEAGUE of St. Dymphna exists to bring spiritual help to the mentally afflicted. Its regular meeting place is St. Andrew's Church, Duane St. at Cardinal Hayes Place, New York City. Its headquarters is at 530 E. 13th St., New York 9, N. Y. Forthcoming meetings are on Dec. 7 and 28 and Jan. 18.

C. K.

Editorials

New Tension in Morocco

The article on Morocco in this issue (p. 301-2) ends on a most hopeful note for the future of that strife-torn protectorate of France. Admitting that the now semi-independent country faces "difficult days," our correspondent can still see Morocco eventually taking her place among the free nations of the world. Much will depend on how the "intelligent and ambitious" Sultan Mohammed Ben Youssef guides his people "through the labyrinth of modern world politics to eventual, and inevitable, sovereignty."

INTRANSIGENTS

Domestic politics, too, are bound to try the mettle of the recently returned Sultan. No sooner had the exiled Ben Youssef been restored to his throne on November 16 than new outbreaks of violence threatened to plunge the country once again into disorder. For example, the deputy of the Pasha of Fez, after having made his obeisance to Ben Youssef, was murdered by rioting mobs in the very courtyard of the palace at Rabat.

Observers tend to write off such incidents as the mere settling of accounts between partisans of the present Sultan and those of the former French puppet, Ben Moulay Arafa. On the other hand, they may also be indicative of a deep-seated, popular antagonism toward the whole ruling class of caids and pashas who have been the right hand of France during the entire

colonial history of Morocco. On this class the Sultan must rely if the transition from colonial to independent status is to take place smoothly.

Moreover, Morocco's political parties are engaged in a tense and dangerous struggle. The independent Democratic party and the Istiqlal have emerged from their clandestine existence to be recognized as fully fledged, official parties. Their differences are now in the open. Each is vying for a preponderant share of Cabinet posts. Each is wary of the Sultan, lest he prove an obstacle to their ambitious dreams of political supremacy.

Finally, the new Government of Morocco will still have to contend with extremist Arab groups operating mainly from abroad. Their aim is immediate and complete Moroccan independence. They have made the most of the ferment among the detribalized Moroccan worker classes of the cities and the highly individualistic Berbers of the hill country. They have not ceased stirring up the hill tribes to revolt.

Transition from independence to freedom is never an easy one for a colony. When the colonizing power has failed to build up a native elite capable of taking over the reins of government, the transition becomes doubly difficult. Yet, in Morocco's case, there is no blocking the desire for freedom. Because of the problems facing her, the new Morocco deserves the sympathy and support of free men everywhere.

Soil Bank Plan

Even before the National Grange convened at Cleveland last month, the Administration had become aware that its farm program was in serious trouble. On the one hand, the shift to flexible price supports, coupled with sharp restrictions on planting, had not made an appreciable dent in the huge surpluses that have piled up since the Korean war. On the other hand, the effort to dispose of these surpluses abroad, partly by sale and partly by gift, has been only moderately successful. Meanwhile, farm income has continued its steady decline and there is no immediate prospect that the downward trend will be reversed. The dissatisfaction in rural America has been growing daily more vocal.

Such was the background at Cleveland when the Grange, traditionally our most nonpolitical farm group, assembled for its annual convention. The delegates were confused and desperate. In their resolutions they referred to the "state of emergency" in agriculture and

insisted that some Government help was needed, and needed quickly, to save "family-type farms and middle-income groups" from financial disaster. Even the presence of Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson did not deter them from charging that in a period of general prosperity our farmers have been reduced "to the status of second-class citizens."

ADMINISTRATION PROPOSAL

For the Administration, this was the kind of hand-writing on the wall that could no longer be ignored. A day after the Grange convention closed, Washington announced that Agriculture Department experts had drafted a version of the soil-bank plan that would add \$1.4 billion to farm income over a 15-year period. In return for diverting productive land to grass, forage and trees, farmers would be paid annually 5 to 7 per cent of the appraised value of the land and allowed

\$15 or \$20 an acre for seed. Over the life-span of the program, about 23 million acres would be shifted from cash crops to cover crops. About a million farmers would benefit from the program.

As recently as October 8, the Agriculture Department went on record as opposing the soil-bank proposal for dealing with the emergency. Now that it appears to have withdrawn its opposition, Congress will almost certainly adopt some version of this "acreage reserve"

approach. It will vote, in other words, to pay farmers for not producing.

Obviously, the soil-bank plan is a desperation measure, not a long-range answer to farm surpluses. The fact is that the problem of surpluses is a world problem which can only be solved on a cooperative world basis. If for no other reason, the soil-bank scheme can at least be justified on the ground that it buys time for a new and radical reappraisal of the whole farm problem.

Religion and the Schools: Does God Belong?

The controversy over religion in the public schools has in recent weeks grown louder and warmer. This is a sampling of the more significant turns in the great debate.

► A ruling last June by California's attorney general outlawing prayer in public schools has been challenged by Irving Breyer, attorney for the San Francisco City and County School Board. The attorney general had based his ruling on the equal protection the Federal Constitution gives to the beliefs of atheists and agnostics. "For atheist and agnostic children," he ruled, "daily prayer would be a constant reminder of the conflict between home and school." Mr. Breyer, however, advised San Francisco public-school teachers that they could continue the brief prayer of thanksgiving which the younger children recite before their mid-morning snack.

► Public-school officials in neighboring Marin County in California have been forced to revise a short versified grace before lunch which had been recited daily by school children. James H. Newby objected to his five-year old son saying a prayer. A new form, adopted the last week of November, has eliminated all reference to God.

► New Yorkers have for several weeks been battling back and forth a statement for the guidance of supervisors and teachers with respect to moral and spiritual values in the city's public schools. Last June 14 this statement was unanimously approved by the board of superintendents and referred to the board of education, which at present has it under advisement.

The statement emphasizes school responsibility in developing the moral and spiritual values common to all the faiths. After detailing how this can be prudently done in each department, the statement ends with these words:

The public schools encourage the belief in God, recognizing the simple fact that ours is a religious nation, but they leave and even refer to the home and to the church the interpretation of God and revelation . . . They teach the moral code and identify God as the ultimate source of natural and moral law.

► The proposed New York guide was discussed over the radio November 21. Prof. Philip Phenix of Teachers College, Columbia University, gave his opinion:

Any kind of religious act, any kind of religious celebration, has absolutely no place in the public school because this kind of celebration is really an act of worship and is something which presupposes a particular religious orientation. It presupposes a religious community to which one belongs, and this is not part of the function of the public school.

Dr. James S. Donnelly, dean of Fordham University's School of Education, declared:

If God is left out of the public school, or if only passing lip service is paid to him, you should not wonder why some people maintain that the public school is godless. If you allow God to be left out, you run the risk of permitting the public school to become an antireligious factor in the community, a factor which undermines our culture and our way of life.

► The New York Board of Rabbis registered a vigorous public dissent to the adoption of the guide and warned that its adoption

. . . might well undermine our traditional religious liberties, threaten the stability and independence of our schools, introduce divisive religious controversy in the classroom and involve the community in constant tension.

This influential rabbinical group further stated that "religious education and training are the exclusive responsibility of the home, church and synagogue."

► Dr. Mary Alice Jones, director of children's work for the Methodist Church, last month told a Cincinnati assembly of the National Methodist Conference on Christian Education that a vigorous minority seems determined to deny to the majority the right to have their children receive an education "rooted and grounded in a view of life and the universe which presupposes the reality of God." Dr. Jones made the further point that many persons are interpreting the American tradition of separation of Church and State to mean that the schools must be non-theistic, and this in turn "raises questions in the minds of many thoughtful parents."

INDEED . . .

Indeed, it should. In fact, this entire discussion flushes a bevy of interesting points, two of which we will face right here. First, is it possible for the state to be absolutely "neutral" toward religion in public education? Second, even if it were possible, is a godless public education desired for their children by the bulk of the American people?

The answer to the first question is, No. With all due respect to an individual's freedom not to believe, the supposition that the state, as educator, has to be, or even can be, "neutral" toward believers and non-believers is contrary to the nature of education. A teacher who filters religion out of a course in English or history or refers to it in a cynical vein is hostile to religion. A teacher who treats of relevant religious items in a respectful or sympathetic way is friendly toward it.

If the state organizes a school system without God, it remains "neutral" no longer. By that step the state takes a position against the believer. There is no middle ground between *theism* and *atheism* in the practical function of education. The pretended "neutral" position is in effect the "religion" of secularism.

Separation of Church and State does not require the complete ignoring of religion in education. Quite the

contrary. Those Americans who today are urging recognition of religion have considerable standing in our American tradition. The cornerstone of our American society when it organized for political purposes was a common understanding that a Supreme Being exists who is the source of man's natural rights and the Author of the natural moral law.

The second point: does the American people want a public school in which God and religion have no place? Religious statistics indicate clearly that the great majority of Americans are committed to belief in God. For this majority to accept the position that the schools are none of God's business would be highly inconsistent. Many Protestant and Catholic and some Jewish community leaders are convinced that a common statement of aims and methods can be worked out to prevent a religious vacuum in the schools and to relate moral values to the deep theological stream that is common to all beliefs in God.

A vocal but relatively small minority is supporting and urging wider application of "neutrality" between belief and non-belief. This group is already well on the way to imposing its will on the nation. Unless the rest of us concern ourselves with the problem, our multi-billion-dollar system of public education will by default be completely dominated by secularism.

"Never Less Alone"

As you read these lines, somewhere in the Pacific the USS *Glacier* will be carrying 120 volunteer Seabees to the icy silences of Antarctica. They are part of Operation Deepfreeze, which will inaugurate U. S. participation in the work of the International Geophysical Year, 1957-58. One Seabee volunteered because he liked cold weather, another because the Antarctic would be a good place to save money. A third said he was going because he simply wanted to get a little solitude.

SOLITUDE, RARE BOON

The solitary Seabee may have no more than a casual acquaintance with Aristotle, but they are really brothers at heart. Both put a great value on the life of the mind. Thinking things over, pondering life's enigmas, hunting full and final answers in quiet sincerity—this is the life of reason (which helps dispose for the life of faith). According to Aristotle, this "more than anything else is man."

Our earth grows daily more crowded. Solitude today is often a prize to be won only with the greatest of effort. We all need solitude. It gives us a chance to think, to reason things out, to contemplate. If old Aristotle was right, these are the things man was made for. These, he asserts, make us most like to God. Again and again he repeats that perfect happiness is the result of the "contemplative activity."

What has become of contemplation in this frenetic

age of getting and spending? Do we so love the din of the telephone, the TV and the hourly news flash that we have come to dread the solitude they so effectively banish? It's a rather poor commentary on us, isn't it, when we dread being alone—really alone—with our thoughts?

Aristotle didn't pretend to know the answers to all life's problems, but he was a canny old philosopher when he reasoned in the exalted Book X of his *Nicomachean Ethics*:

Therefore the activity of God, which surpasses all others in blessedness, must be contemplative; and of human activities, therefore, that which is most akin to this must be most of the nature of happiness. This is indicated, too, by the fact that the other animals have no share in happiness, being completely deprived of such activity . . . Happiness extends, then, just so far as contemplation does, and those to whom contemplation more fully belongs are more truly happy . . .

Aristotle is speaking only of the contemplation of the philosopher. He never guessed at the supernatural heights to which a Teresa of Avila could rise in mystical contemplation. But Teresa, it should be recalled, was never one to poke fun at mere human reason.

We envy the contemplative Seabee. He will have millions of white miles of solitude in which to walk with Aristotle—and perhaps with Teresa, too.

"SPEAKING OF LIBERALS..."

John LaFarge



NEARLY 100 YEARS AGO, Orestes A. Brownson (1803-1876), social reformer, political thinker, literary critic and lay theologian, complained that he was being regarded as a bad Catholic because of his strong stand for political liberty:

Just now, popular opinion among Catholics as among non-Catholics identifies Catholicity and despotism, and the controversialist who seeks to prove that the Catholic religion has no natural association with despotism but is favorable to liberty and the inherent rights of man runs the risk of being denounced on all hands as a bad Catholic.

He also complained that those who invaded the enemy's camp and tried to meet the rationalistic scientists on their own ground, using the current terminology and framework of thought, incurred suspicion of being intellectual liberals.

CHANGING VIEWS OF LIBERALISM

Most of the political causes that Brownson defended in his day would arouse in ours no notable suspicion. He was an ardent Abolitionist and advocate of universal human rights, regardless of race, creed or color: a position which is now generally accepted even in quite conservative circles. He was militantly pro-American, a tremendous admirer of the American system of government, and went so far as to say: "The system is no invention of man, no creation of the convention, but is given up by Providence in the living constitution of the American people."

Such sentiments today can pass muster. American Catholics go so far as to hang an American flag in the church sanctuary, a practice which deeply shocked a pious German priest who visited our office some time ago. He saw in the practice a display of "nationalism." But when Dr. Brownson, in his oration at an annual Fordham College commencement, expressed the notion that Catholics could and really ought to be proud of being good Americans, Archbishop Hughes of New York was so scandalized that he walked off the platform.

(It was in reparation for this humiliation, I believe, that Fordham University a few years ago arranged to

have the impressive bronze bust of Brownson removed from Riverside Park at 103rd Street and transferred to the Fordham campus.)

At the end of his life, says Dr. Alvan S. Ryan in his very excellent *Brownson Reader* (Kenedy, 1955. 370p. \$4.50), Brownson became worried over the reproaches hurled at him and made a curious retraction of his previous stand. But his words remain and they are not without application to our own times.

The word liberal today is an anxious word: anxious because of its associations; but in itself is it anxious?

Highly respectable people defend liberal causes; that is to say, causes very similar to those which created so much anxiety for Orestes Brownson. Yet such defenses seem to occasion no comment. Thus, for instance, the Catholic hierarchy of the United States, in their recent statement on church-related schools, touch upon distinctively liberal issues. Replying to the charge that such schools are by their nature "divisive," the bishops remark:

Rather, is it not obvious that positive Christian training, with its emphasis on the sanctions of the divine law, of the natural law and of civil law, on the social nature of the virtues of justice and charity, on the moral obligations of patriotism and public service, provides the strongest cement that can possibly bind a nation together? Criticism of these schools at times seems to forget that we are a pluralistic society that postulates, not uniformity, but rather unity in variety.

Church-related schools reflect nothing so clearly as that American spirit which demands unity in the essentials of citizenship while defending to the death those things in which the citizen is guaranteed his freedom.

When I use the word liberal, I am not trying to add another definition of a much-discussed term. I am only conforming to a common type of popular usage which in fact calls anybody a liberal (whether in praise or in blame) who is very much concerned with precisely those things which the bishops assert are safeguarded by church-related schools; such things, that is to say, as problems of social justice and charity, the moral obliga-

tions of patriotism and public service, or the fact that today we are living and operating in a pluralistic society.

The word liberal acquired a definitely bad reputation in the mid-19th century from its association with Europe's intellectual Liberals: anticlericals and militant secularists. It was in this sense that Liberals and Liberalism merited the condemnation of Pius IX in the Syllabus. We cannot forget that in our own country the very foundations of religion have been and still are under persistent attack from people who glory in the name of liberal. Yet in numberless instances such people espouse genuinely liberal causes of human rights and human welfare with a constancy and skill that sometimes put the rest of us to shame.

For the almost 47 years of its existence, AMERICA has vigorously combated the secularism and anticlericalism which the 19th-century Liberals espoused and which their successors among the present-day intelligentsia—in dwindling proportion—continue to espouse. Yet AMERICA today is ticketed as a Catholic "liberal" publication by some friends and also by some foes of its ideas.

Father LaFarge's background well qualifies him to speak on liberalism. For many years he has been in the forefront of the fight for interracial justice. He is the founder of the Catholic Interracial Councils, of which there are now a score or more. He has been on the AMERICA staff since 1926, was executive editor 1942-44 and Editor-in-Chief 1944-48. He has embodied his philosophy and an account of his major works in the Manner Is Ordinary (Harcourt Brace, 1954).

Should we disown the term? Yes, say those who believe that it is already hopelessly compromised, that it cannot be detached from its disreputable associations. No, say those who wish to preserve the term, and who recall a Vatican document issued under Pope St. Pius X which said that Catholics could legitimately apply it to themselves (see excerpts following this article).

Which course should we choose? I am not enterprising enough to suggest any final decision. Our concern, after all, is not primarily with nomenclature but with reality: with maintaining an honest attitude in our comment on the manifold issues of the day.

PORTRAIT OF A LIBERAL

Call yourself what you will, I know of no title that will bring you praise from all casts of mind. The main job would seem to be to determine our attitude first and then let free choice and wise discretion determine how we are to entitle that attitude—that is, if we want any precise appellation in a day of slogans and catchwords.

If we wish to call a person a liberal (in the sense that we might call AMERICA a liberal-minded review)

we could, I believe, characterize him as one who sees the complexity of the issues that confront our faith in passing judgment on the events of the contemporary world. Such a person is aware of the conflicts of rights and of the many circumstances that affect those conflicts. He is aware, too, of the need of striving, for country's sake and for conscience' sake, to vindicate such rights.

As a Catholic and a Christian such a person is particularly and deeply concerned where certain 'basic human rights, of the individual and the family, are violated. Being sincere and honest, he is not *selective* in his choice of vindications but is concerned for the entire gamut of human rights. He sees these as linked up with civic rights as well, rights under statute law and common law, rights under the fundamental law of our U. S. Constitution, rights arising from the mutual obligations of nations.

Hence he will stand for the freedom of education as against educational monism and state monopoly; for equal freedom of education for all citizens, regardless of race, color or creed. He will stand for social justice in economic relations and for the practical action necessary to achieve such justice. The Catholic liberal will be particularly conscious, in a genuinely Catholic sense, of the world-wide repercussions of American positions on these questions. He will be honest enough to realize that neither social justice nor human rights can be secured without the support and at times the intervention of authority, both temporal and spiritual.

WAY OF A CATHOLIC LIBERAL

It is at this point that a Catholic liberal runs into a hornets' nest of contrasting oppositions. He parts company here with the type of liberal who is passionately concerned with only one phenomenon, that of undue restraint on freedom of human utterance, whether in speech or written word. Yet he will also be mindful that few if any social reforms have been achieved without a certain degree of shock, a certain quota of aggressiveness, risk and intense preoccupation.

It took long, persistent and fiery actions on the part of the Jesuit Father Frederick von Spee to root out the frightful injustices of the persecution of witchcraft in 17th century Germany. His *Cautio Criminalis* against some of the judicial procedures of the time might conceivably be needed in our own day if political excitement and ambition allowed governmental investigations to get out of hand. Its strictures are totally applicable to what is going on in Communist China.

On the other hand, an otherwise legitimate preoccupation gets out of hand when it denies to Congress the right of investigating and exposing in a manner consonant with American tradition and equity possible acts of conspiracy against our nation.

I am optimist enough to believe that the contemporary American mind *can* rid itself of excessive and one-sided prepossessions without giving up any of the genuine elements of concern for human freedom. Such a mind can be reassured by the repeated instances where the authority of religion itself is outstanding in

defense of human rights, even in sharp conflict with the massive pressure of public opinion and prejudiced social conformity.

Witness the firm attitude taken by the Catholic bishops of the Southern States with regard to implementing the nation's policy of racial integration in the schools or the rights of citizens to petition the Government. Witness, too, the stand taken by members of the hierarchy in the North in the matters of housing and neighborhood tensions, or the attitude of the bishops in the Southwestern States toward Mexican migrants and other Spanish-speaking peoples. These are 100-per-cent liberal policies, even though the intervention of Church authority in their behalf is not exactly in accord with traditional Liberal formulas.

The path of the Catholic liberal is, in a true sense, a *difficult* path. He steers his way between two extremes, never an easy thing to do. Furthermore, he is exposed to violent assault and misinterpretation by either extreme. The going will be particularly difficult during the coming election year.

SOUND AND FURY

The aim of each party or of contending candidates is to show that the others are wrong; and any issue—the threat of Communist infiltration, for instance—can be utilized for this end. Modern advertising methods, however legitimate in themselves, have developed in us the art of subtle one-sided presentation. Human nature,

especially in the pulpit or at the Communion-breakfast table, is easily tempted to conceal paucity of knowledge about a complex issue by resorting to loud cries of alarm. The “all-embracing tentacles” and the “unknown, hidden force” are an easy means of creating a delusive appearance of homiletic strength in the midst of real weakness.

Liberals will be berated and liberals will be glorified, and with new implications and nuances as the fashion of the moment may suggest. Shall we continue to apply the term liberal to a painstaking Catholic criticism of the current scene? Once more, I attempt no decision. Names or no names, let us be mindful that the course of Catholic public comment upon the events of the day is by its nature a hard course, a stiff course, a course where we cannot allow ourselves to be seduced by fanatics of any extreme or variety. People want, and will buy, exciting answers; and the politicians are ready to invent and diffuse such answers. But honest Catholic comment is not always exciting. To those who intensely love it, all truth is exciting; but not all people intensely love the truth.

In today's world the issue of freedom—and its correlative, the cause of legitimate authority—concerns, in one form or another, the majority of the human race. It is certainly a service to Christ our Lord to show with unflinching strength and consistency, at home and still more abroad, that the cause of freedom and the cause of God are one.

—Advice from the Vatican—

[We reprint here, from our issue of April 24, 1909, an editorial dealing with the document referred to by Father LaFarge as having been issued under Pope St. Pius X. Ed.]

In Spain some time ago a Catholic party was formed to oppose other Catholics who belonged to a group professing a liberal policy, and sent a deputation to Rome, in order to prevail on the Vatican to favor their views. They went with confidence but returned disillusioned, having been required to sign a formula of instructions denying their contention. Parts of these instructions are of interest to Catholics everywhere:

“No Catholic should accuse any person of being a lax Catholic for the sole reason that he belongs to a party that styles itself ‘Liberal Catholic,’ although this name is repugnant to many, and it would be better not to employ it. To combat systematically either an individual or a party, solely on account of the title ‘Liberal,’ will never be either just or opportune.

“Let acts and doctrines be attacked that are reprehensible, whenever they appear, and no matter to what party their authors belong. Whatever is good and honorable in the sayings or doings of the members of any party, especially of those in authority, can and ought

to be supported and approved of by all who pride themselves on being good Catholics and good citizens. This applies not only in particular cases, but in legislative assemblies, in municipal actions and in every phase of social life.

“If we love our religion and our country, a foregone resolve to oppose and to hold aloof from all who call themselves Liberal Catholics, cannot be determined upon. We may not, in conscience, exact from any persons that they should affiliate themselves to one party rather than to another, nor claim that anyone is obliged to renounce a political opinion that is upright. In matters which are solely political, we are permitted to hold different opinions, not only as to the immediate origin of the civil power, but also as to its exercise under different forms.

“In that which concerns the defense of religion and its interests, and in all that pertains to submission to constituted authority and to our bishops, we desire in all respects to keep to the teachings of the Holy See, especially as promulgated by Pius IX, Leo XIII and by Pius X.”

La Semaine Religieuse, of Toulouse, to which we are indebted for this report, adds that Leo XIII had given similar instructions to the French.

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Morocco Smolders

By A CORRESPONDENT

THE OLD THEORY that might makes right did not seem to work in Morocco. France poured thousands of troops into her North African Protectorate, cutting her Nato commitments not only to the bone but to the marrow. Despite their vocal protests, reservists were called up from civilian life and hurried back into uniform. Civilian tonnage in the Casablanca port almost ceased while ships queued up to unload guns, ammunition and military supplies, not to mention unhappy troopers. Road blocks were frequent, observation posts were manned, every moving person was scrutinized and in many cases searched. Travel permits all but disappeared.

Yet, despite all the military could do, France lost ground every day. Tribesmen, skilled in years of living on practically nothing in their rugged mountains, swooped down unexpectedly and wrought havoc on the rich farms, orchards and other holdings of the French. Atomic fire power was not of much use when one could not see the enemy and did not know from which direction he would come or in what direction disappear. The most modern vehicles were helpless in the Atlas and Riff mountain ranges. Casualties were much higher among the troops than the French have admitted, the success of the tribesmen more significant than the controlled press dared to say.

Where does France stand today? Not quite as near a solution to the problem of Morocco as she was three years ago. Furthermore, she has lost many good Frenchmen, killed in a futile struggle against the trend of modern history.

It is most difficult to describe the situation in Morocco today, for it changes almost every hour. There are, however, a few general factors that can be discerned in looking over the situation. These will probably not change materially, despite the rapid developments that are taking place.

FRANCE'S LOSING GAMBIT

One such factor is the position of France. It is now two years since Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, Sultan of Morocco, an intelligent moderate, was hustled from Rabat to faraway Madagascar. This was the culmination of a plot hatched by El Glaoui, French-supported Pasha of Marrekesh, and El Kittani, a religious leader turned politician, and encouraged by the colonial and military interests in Morocco. The coup was successful and cleared the stage for a radical move to offer Moroccans benefits which, according to the French, they

were not receiving under the monarchy. However, instead of moving right in with a program of reforms, the French fell into a decline of internal bickerings that spelled disaster.

The vacuum created by the removal of the Sultan was not filled with intelligently planned reforms, but by a show of confusion and ill-timed force that only created or magnified difficulties. The Moroccan leaders were not slow to seize this opportunity to make their voices heard. The deposition of the Sultan served to unite the Moroccan people as had no other force in their history. This was a ready-made situation for those who had waited and watched so long for the right moment to strike a blow for their country's restoration to freedom.

As the year 1955 closes, France has gone backward from where she was three years ago when the Moroccan question first claimed world attention. She is farther than ever from a satisfactory solution of the problem. Her inept colonial policy and her weak internal governmental structure have resulted in the first firm signs of the end of French rule in Morocco.

MOROCCO STANDS UNITED

It must be emphasized that when France deposed Ben Youssef, there was no strong feeling of unity among the Moroccans. The hill people distrusted the city dwellers, and vice versa. These mutual suspicions had been capitalized upon by the colonial Administration, and millions of francs had been spent to convince each of these two groups that the other was its natural enemy. The removal of the Sultan gave common cause to all, however, and the feelings it aroused crossed tribal, regional and linguistic barriers as if they did not exist. Since the deposition, this unity has grown stronger, and it is only sensible to believe that there is now little chance of its being dissolved.

France must now give thought to the attitude of the Moroccans, and that of the rest of the world, toward her. No one will claim that the majority of the Moroccans had any great love for the French *colons* before the fatal date of August 20, 1953, when Ben Youssef was deposed. But there was no active hatred of these settlers on the part of the largest segment of the population. Now, however, that is completely changed.

The Frenchman has become a hated symbol of his country's colonial policy. Too many atrocities have been committed by French troops for the Moroccans ever to forget their bitterness, not to mention those committed

by the Senegalese under French officers. It should be admitted that some terrible things have been done on both sides, but the few incidents that have taken place at the hands of uncontrolled, undisciplined Moroccans are far outweighed by the methodical, calculated tortures and murders carried out by the French troops. These are the things that Moroccans will not soon forget—and there are 9 million Moroccans to remember them.

Perhaps the most important result of all that has come from France's inept policy in Morocco has been the focusing of world attention on the Moroccan problem. Not so long ago, few had heard of this question, much less had any interest in it. The United States, like other major powers, tended to treat the whole thing as an internal quarrel between France and her protectorate. Now the situation has changed. All the free peoples of the world are watching France's moves in North Africa and voicing their feelings and opinions about them. The problem that was once a quiet child to be kept behind the door is now a full-grown man who can and does demand public attention.

France has no choice but to face the fact that each of her actions in Morocco is going to be scrutinized by a world that will hold her accountable. As France tried by brute force to beat the nationalist movement to its knees, public opinion hardened against her. Even the other colonial powers have had a difficult time in supporting their traditional ally. France is "on the spot" and she knows it.

AMERICA AND MOROCCO

To Moroccans who have watched with great and hopeful interest to see what the United States would do, and to Americans who are interested in the Moroccan problem, the "new look" that has come over U. S. foreign policy on Morocco during the past few months has been heart-warming. After forty years of hiding our head in the sand whenever important movements were afoot in Morocco, we now seem to be taking a firmer stand on North African questions. We are abandoning the misguided opinion that France must be sustained on every issue at every moment as a price for her not going completely over to the Communists.

This change has come none too soon. The reservoir of good will that had been built up through years of traditional cordiality between Morocco and America was just about empty. One has the impression that perhaps the State Department's representatives in North Africa are at last being heard in Washington. For years their voices were dinned out by the loud, clear and not unbiased voice of the Paris Embassy. Whatever be the reason, there seems to be a feeling in Washington that the ideals we spend millions of dollars announcing to the world through the U. S. Information Service, and fought to protect in World War II and Korea, are as applicable in Morocco as in Burma, Libya, Iran, Egypt or anywhere else. And if the United States does lend a helping hand to a small nation trying to regain its sovereignty, it is not therefore reducing its support of France in her legitimate operations and desires.

The "new look" in U. S. policy in Morocco should make the role of our propaganda services more realistic and useful in the future. For several years our Government has maintained two USIS centers in French Morocco—one in Rabat, the capital of the protectorate, and the other in Casablanca, the commercial and financial center. From the beginning these offices have been operated under conditions that for all practical purposes negated their effectiveness in telling the story of America to the Moroccan people.

The USIS centers were carefully watched, openly and covertly, by the "information service" of the French Resident-General's office. Every activity of the centers and even the personal acts of the officers in charge were scrutinized. USIS literature was censored, window displays were subjected to limitations of subject matter, language, etc. Restrictions were imposed even on the selection of those who might be received by USIS personnel in their offices or homes. Many Moroccans felt that the U. S. Government accepted these conditions too complaisantly. The result was that the centers served neither the Moroccans, who were anxious but unable to learn the facts about the United States, nor the French *colons*, who for the most part consider America their bitter enemy.

If the United States is to influence Moroccans through USIS, then the attitude of this agency of the Government must change with the times and give greater evidence that our Information Service is in Morocco to promote better American-Moroccan relations. Otherwise there is no justification for its expensive existence.

November, 1955 was a month of rejoicing in Morocco. The Sultan, Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, had returned to his throne. There now seem to be indications that the French Assembly has at last seen the situation with some clarity and is standing up to the colonial bloc. The signs are favorable for a realistic handling of the situation in Morocco. There are difficult days ahead, to be sure. The resistance movement can not be stopped overnight. Promises made by France have been broken before. There is tremendous bitterness on both sides.

All the world will be watching to see what changes in deed and attitude the nation committed to "liberty, equality and brotherhood" will make. And the world will watch how an intelligent and ambitious ruler leads his people through the labyrinth of modern world politics to eventual, and inevitable, sovereignty. With honest efforts and reasonable concessions on both sides, Morocco will soon join the community of free and independent nations. Both sides should have every interest in hastening the coming of that day. Ench Allah!



Logic in Grade School

H. D. BUCHANAN

THE ARTICLE ON LOGIC in the Catholic Encyclopedia begins as follows:

Logic is the science and art which so directs the mind in the process of reasoning and subsidiary processes as to enable it to attain clearness, consistency and validity in those processes. The aim of logic is to secure clearness in the definition and arrangement of our ideas and other mental images, consistency in our judgments and validity in our processes of inference.

Accepting this definition and statement of aim, it seems odd that we wait so long to guide the fast-developing intellect of a normal child and postpone giving him the rules by which his intellect must function. Commonly not until he is in college, or at least late high school, is the student informed that there are any rules for the proper exercise of his reasoning power.

By this time he has developed many unnecessary prejudices from sheer inability to give his opinions a reasonable test. Furthermore, he has acquired a facility of mind regardless of validity in his reasoning, and sees no need for the discipline of analyzing his mental processes. Hence he takes logic, if he takes it at all, purely "for credit" or because it is required.

LOGIC IS CHILD'S PLAY

But is a child capable of understanding the rules of logic? Not if we insist on beginning with the difference between categorematic and syncategorematic words. In theology we do not explain the Hypostatic Union in the kindergarten; we tell them the story of Baby Jesus and go on from there. The same in mathematics, prosody or any other subject. So in the logic course—as taught in St. Joseph's parochial school in El Paso, Texas,—the beginning is simple.

It is normal kindergarten procedure to encourage the child to recognize differences. The teacher shows a picture of four ducks, three facing one way, one the other. "Which one is different from the others?" This being duly noted, instead of taking another picture the teacher goes on: "But they are all ducks aren't they?" "Yes." "They all have the duck nature. It is just *accident* that this one is turned around." Certainly this is not beyond the comprehension of a five-year-old.

The point is not stressed at the moment, but by frequent repetition the child absorbs this distinction, so

Monsignor Buchanan, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, El Paso, Texas, wrote the textbooks for the grade-school logic courses he describes.

fundamental in philosophy. Thus the *accident* that some churchmen were turned around—facing Hell in fact—in Renaissance times, had much to do with the Protestant revolt, and still is used as an argument for it, regardless of the fact that the *nature* of the Church was not altered thereby.

It is not difficult to get very small children to distinguish between the phantasm and the abstract thought, by having different ones describe the dog they "see" with their eyes shut. "But still they all have the dog nature."

PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER

Nor is the syllogism beyond the infantile mind. He is continually making enthymemes of the various orders.

"Why is Johnny late?" "Because he missed the bus."

All that the teacher has to do is to make the major premise explicit.

"Whenever Johnny misses the bus he is late.

Today he missed the bus.

Therefore today he is late."

The matter of this casual and unconsciously received course of logic is taken from the everyday lessons and experience of the class. Naturally every good teacher does much of this anyway. But with us the thing is done systematically, is coordinated and connected year after year, so that it is recognized for what it is. In this way, by the time the pupil reaches the seventh and eighth grades he has his fundamentals and is ready to go into a formal class in which he analyses such things as newspaper editorials and can lay his finger on the error, if any, in the reasoning.

Not every student can answer promptly at the first hearing of an argument: "He's got four terms in his syllogism. His middle term is analogous." But that happens occasionally in the eighth-grade class. It is fairly regular to have high-school students greet their former teacher with: "Oh, logic helps me a lot this year. Why geometry is just *all* 'Barbara'." And English teachers commend the clarity and orderly development of the themes turned in.

Of course, a simplified text had to be written—and rewritten again and again as the teachers struggled to get the matter into the simplest language. And the search for interesting example goes on continually. The cure of the man born blind (St. John, Ch. 9) is a gold mine of true and fallacious reasoning, right down to the *argumentum ad baculum*: "and they cast him out." Kipling's syllogisms are mouth-filling and usually quite explicit.

Now this is the law of the Muscovite, and he proves it with shot and steel

When you go by his isles in the smoky seas you must not take his seal . . .

But since our women must walk gay and money buys their gear

The sealing vessels filch their way at hazard year by year.

And so it goes. Composing the text is as much fun as is teaching the course, once the teacher develops the syllogistic eye.

Feature "X"

The Year I Fell in Love

OCTOBER IS HERE, and once again I am back at college. Once again, too, I am meeting old friends going to classes, playing bridge or just sitting around and, like girls everywhere, talking, talking, talking. Since we are young, quite a bit of our talk centers around one certain subject.

Yes, you're right—love. Most of my friends talk about who's dating whom, the boy back home, or that old favorite, the summer romance. I talk about these things, too, but one event keeps popping into my head and staying there, sticking out like the proverbial sore thumb. You see, I too had a romance, but it wasn't a summer one. It was a school-year one, and I keep thinking of it all the time. I keep thinking of the year I fell in love.

Now the fact that I fell in love is, in itself, not an earth-shaking event. Every girl I've ever known has, at some time in her life, at least thought herself in love. But my romance has a somewhat different twist to it, because I fell in love with 41 people at the same time. These people were that wonderful group commonly called children.

I spent last year teaching school. And last year this startling event took place. I fell in love with the entire fourth-grade class of Holy Name School, Omaha, Nebraska. The reason I refer to this event as startling is that until sometime last September, though I wouldn't say I actively disliked children, to say that I was overly fond of them would have been stretching the truth quite a bit.

BACKFIELD REVERSE

Why I found myself sitting on the other side of the desk last year is really not quite clear, even to me. Until August of 1954 I had every intention in the world of returning to college in the fall. Then one night I received a telephone call from the principal of the grade school I had attended, and the next thing I knew I was explaining to my parents that I was about to become a teacher. In about the time it takes to recite the ABC's backward I had decided to take a leave of absence from collegiate life and become "Miss McMahon" to 41 future citizens of the United States.

The reason for my transformation from a passive viewer of the world of childhood into an active cru-

sader in its behalf was not, as you may think, 41 adorable, well-scrubbed cherubs with gold ringlets and angelic blue eyes. No, my cherubs had runny noses, dirty faces after recess, sometimes used words they didn't know the meaning of, and more often than not were doing things that "weren't allowed."

But they had something in their very nature that seemed to shine through from inside, and then it didn't much matter to me whether John obviously was in need of a wash-rag, or Judy hadn't seen a comb for at least eight hours. They had a certain quality which I, at least, have never found in any adult. They had the quality of wonder. They didn't know all the answers and they didn't pretend to know them. They had a great curiosity and they weren't ashamed to admit that there were many things they didn't know.

NEVER AGAIN

Never again will I be able to look at snow falling without hearing a chorus of voices exclaiming with wild delight: "Miss McMahon, it's snowing." The last word was drawn out and uttered with as much awe as if parts of the sky itself were coming down from above.

Never again will I be able to hear a child struggling with a reading lesson and feel myself becoming discouraged, thinking: "Oh, what's the use, he'll never learn it." I'll just remember the face of one little boy I taught, who after weeks of toiling along, months behind the rest of the class, suddenly discovered one day that he could read parts of the fourth-grade reader with some ease, and shyly inquired of me, if maybe he "got real good and my Mom helps me," he could start using the same book that "Jim uses."

Little things I hadn't thought about for years suddenly became almost as important to me as they were to my pupils. I found myself really caring whether or not 4-B won the paper sale, and crying along with the children when the parakeet died. I found myself getting excited about having a Valentine box, and wanting our room to have the prettiest May altar in the school. At first I thought I was merely being overemotional about the whole thing, or that perhaps I was just a sentimentalist at heart. But there were four other lay people and several nuns teaching at Holy Name, and after talking to them, I found we all felt the same way. In short, we were all in love.

This year I wanted to finish college, so here I am back at school. At least, most of the time I'm back at school. Some of the time I'm back in the fourth-grade room of Holy Name School, Omaha, Nebraska, listening to the multiplication tables being recited laboriously by a little boy in a Kelly green shirt who flashes me a look that plainly says: "You didn't think I knew them, did you?" Or I'm walking down a tree-lined street at 3:30 on a sunny afternoon, listening to "What I'm going to do when I grow up" stories from two little girls who stayed to help.

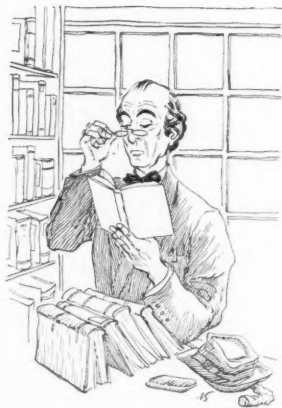
And in case you would like to know, next year I'll be there in body, not just in spirit. Because, you see, as all good romances do, this one has a happy ending.

PATRICIA MCMAHON

Miss McMahon is in her senior year at Mount St. Scholastica College, Atchison, Kansas.

Literature and Arts

LONDON LETTER



THE WEATHER, as ever, continues to be the second most engrossing topic of conversation with the British. R. A. Butler's works of economic mercy coming first. A torrid summer is past, we freeze in camphor-scented overcoats and examine the publishers' winter lists.

It has been a good year for Catholic writing. Evelyn Waugh's *Officers and Gentlemen* was extensively and respectfully reviewed in June. Opinions were divided: but the critics agree that it is the work of a superb craftsman. Speaking as a Scotsman, I believe his treatment of the comic characters on Mugg, a northern island, especially his eccentric Nationalist lady, Miss Kate Carmichael, "a true Scot" and an aspirant quisling, to be as close to grim realism as this exquisite artist has come.

The sheer delight one finds in Waugh's elegantly etched farcical passages is something he alone can give. The tragic nuances of his description of the fall of Crete could not fail to move those of us who recall that time of national peril. The deeper notes, sadder as a mourning bell heard in the distance at evening, have their message for European men. Did we lose Crete then because so many had lost the faith that gave us a tradition? *Officers and Gentlemen*, like much of Waugh's mature work, has the quality of a noble elegy. I should place it rather higher than *Helena*, a much underestimated novel.

David E. Walker, a younger novelist, better known as an adventurous and percipient foreign and war correspondent, gave us a charming Gallic farce in his *The Rigoville Match*. Mr. Walker has worked in Rumania, which he hurriedly left lest the invading Nazis offer him hospitality; Austria, where he witnessed the Anschluss; throughout the war on all fronts; and since in Portugal, the United States and the Mau Mau country of Kenya. He is now a leader-writer on the *News Chronicle*. His novel, set in a rural community, has the quality of a French cinema comedy. The Comte, a passionate Anglophile, arranges a hockey match with a team from Unesco. This is his way of spreading the "culture" of the athletic Anglo-Saxons he so much admires.

But ideologies complicate the Comte's good-neighbor policy. The curé, the mayor, the bishop, the schoolmistress and the daughter of M. Le Comte are involved in a revolutionary plan. Mr. Walker is a stylist of extreme precision who views his situations, settings and characters with something of the vision of a good film cameraman. But his work is not "cinematic": his satire is affectionate, and this comedy of international relations has a message for those who think of foreign affairs of terms of headlines.

Another news reporter, Andrew Boyle, who is in his early thirties and whose main interest is foreign affairs, has stolen the headlines with his first book, published in October. *No Passing Glory* is a biography of that astonishing convert to Catholicism Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V. C. The captain was a frivolous undergraduate at Oxford whose main interests in life were fast cars and night clubs; his ambition was an entirely reasonable, but youthfully optimistic, aspiration to get rich quick.

A week-end flier, he showed extraordinary gifts as a pilot and war in 1939 gave him a perfect milieu for his talents. He was 22 and apparently fearless; so intense was his power of concentration that the stories of his combat missions are hair-raising. He became a famous bomber captain, an air strategist of genius and as such was recognized by the High Command. When the American Air Force flew the historic raid on Nagasaki that opened up the era of nuclear warfare, Cheshire was one of two British observers in the plane.

Newspapers have been responsible for the myth that this flight to Nagasaki was, for Cheshire, a "road to Damascus."

CONVERT HERO-FLYER

Some years after he retired from active service in the RAF, he became a Catholic and since has founded the Cheshire homes for the sick and dying. A man of intense originality of mind and methods and fierce tenacity of purpose, he has conjured these establishments out of casual charity. To many young men of all denominations he is a symbol of serene goodness. During the past two years, Cheshire has carried on his apostolate while suffering from tuberculosis; he was, for many months, a patient in hospital. He lives under doctors' orders. His home a trailer, drawn behind a battered motor van, he tours the country, collecting money and inspiring devotion to the Holy Shroud, to him the great relic of the act that gives suffering divine significance. In his pursuit of his mission in life he is ruthless with himself. But he was not converted on the flight to destroy a Japanese town.

Mr. Boyle reveals that the bomb almost delighted him. Here, at last, he thought, was a weapon that made the Allies invincible. In 1945, a tough, intelligent

and almost amoral airman, Cheshire was no more than a warrior of genius. His attitude shocked his American comrades, whose adult views and interpretations of the awful meaning of their mission was beyond his comprehension.

Leonard Cheshire submitted to the Church through the agency, humanly speaking, of a lapsed Catholic, a working man, bravely dying in the grim agony of cancer and recovering the practice of his religion.

No Passing Glory is a big book, immensely detailed, complex in its analysis of a man of our day and great events; it is finely lucid in the writing and composition. In itself it is a fine achievement. But in it we see the beginning of a considerable career for its author.

KNOX'S MASTERPIECE

November brings us the definitive edition of Msgr. Ronald A. Knox's translation of the Bible. Under the presidency of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, a lunch in honor of the scholar and master of English prose will be held on publication day. In the foreword to the impressive English edition the Cardinal writes:

The Knox translation has passed rapidly into common usage and has already won world-wide acclaim. Indeed, one may apply to the translator the words of Dr. Worthington, who, in his preface to the Douay version of 1609, described Gregory Martin and his collaborators as "well-known to the world, to have been excellent in the tongues, sincere men and great divines." High commendation has been given to Monsignor Knox's translation for its freshness of approach, for its lively language and for the ease with which it may be read. Its style has succeeded in giving meaning to passages which in earlier versions have been difficult to understand.

His Eminence concludes with these words:

Question of Light

How does one delve the dark? If one knows
Why Death glows in the bark of the fallen tree
And life burns in the deeper mystery
Of the worm shining by the edge of the pool,
One can peel the tough rind of the fruit,
Scatter shadows from the branches of blight
And search to the abyssal root.

Though night narrows the closet of the mind
And harrows reason down the blind hall
Leading to never and nowhere at all,
Playing treason to time and space,
One may enquire coming face to face,
If darkness was ever absolute.

We would see a Bible in every home, a Bible which is read regularly and which has a real bearing upon the life of those who use it. Its very production should be as worthy as possible of the sublime material it contains; easy to read and a joy to handle. It is to meet this need that Monsignor Knox's translation is now presented in one volume, and I trust that this version, which has already made so great a contribution to the life of our people, will succeed in giving increasing numbers a greater understanding of the inspired message it bears.

All Catholic writers, no matter how exalted or humble, are proud of Monsignor Knox's career. He has set an inspired standard to Catholic men. His gifts as a contriver of detective novels gives his work an extra touch which delights men who were taught to enjoy all writing by his friend, Gilbert Chesterton, who wrote of him:

Mary of Holyrood may smile indeed,
Knowing what grim historic shade it shocks
To see wit, laughter and the Popish Creed,
Cluster and sparkle in the name of Knox.

G. K.'s own happy shade and that of his friend Belloc are walking again this autumn with younger authors. Chesterton's *The Glass Walking Stick* and a new selection of Belloc's essays, many hitherto unpublished in book form, are selling rapidly. Wars, whether hot or cold, have not outmoded them.

In December, we expect Graham Greene's new novel, *The Quiet American*, which is set in Indochina and does not use a religious theme. One might call it a contemporary tragi-comedy of cultures and the political substitute for religion some call democracy. A Scottish university comedy, *Girl in May*, is promised by Bruce Marshall in January. 1955 has been a busy year for British Catholic writers. It has not, we feel, yielded a poor harvest.

W. J. IGOE

This has been told that when the world
Was neither young nor old, but lonely
One word of fire was spoken and one word only
And light escaped like a gold bird
And walls of emptiness were broken
And infinite desire mapping shape and size
Of the mind's most arrogant pretensions
Followed in swift pursuit.

Eyes squinting at the coolest star
Have ventured far as the mind has reckoned
And squeezed night's girth with the prodigious ease
Of God with the sun betwixt His knees
And closing tight have prisoned in second sight
A hive of stars burdened with heavenly loot.

A. M. SULLIVAN

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M. SULLIVAN

ER 10, 1955

BOOKS

Drained of Drama

TEN NORTH FREDERICK

By John O'Hara. Random House. 408p.
\$3.95

Gifted with a photographic eye, a tape-recorder ear, a flypaper memory and a bloodhound's nose, Mr. O'Hara has burdened himself with a low opinion of the human race, crude taste and an utter imperceptiveness of how sex can, in literature, be dramatic. One may have recognized these great gifts and suspected the self-imposed burden in O'Hara's earlier works, especially in *A Rage to Live*; here, I believe, they are right out in the open for everyone to see and balance.

There is a great deal to be said for the man's unmistakable talent, and it would be unfair to leave it unmentioned. He has just about all he needs to capture and record an age and an area: customs, nuances of speech, the slang or a period, the atmosphere of a time and a place. His dialog is crisp, his descriptions functional. In the role of novelist-as-photographer he probably has no peer among contemporary U. S. craftsmen.

But that, I firmly maintain, is all that can be said. Judged as novelist-as-interpreter, he has nothing to say or, rather, much to say that adds up to nothing more than a sociological case-study.

The story opens with the burial of Joseph Chapin, the leading citizen of Gibbsville, Pa. Rich, respected, envied and admired, Chapin leaves behind a widow and two grown children and his ambitions to have gone high in political life. But what was he really like? Did he deserve to be admired; had he had a happy life? To unravel the character of Chapin and of his equally respected widow, O'Hara delves not only into their lives, but into the secret lives of many who had been connected with them, in business, in society, in love, in ancestry, and so on. Through them and their eyes we see the real characters of Chapin and his wife.

What we see is shot through with sex treated in a most distasteful and undramatic way. The portrayal of sex,

with its drives, its glories and its agonies, has been a legitimate and fruitful field for investigation into human motives since literature began, but it has always, to be legitimate and fruitful, been sex seen as something with significance. O'Hara sees sex merely as a casual occupation. His characters—not all of them, of course, but all of them who are really supposed to matter in this story—drift into adultery and other aberrations with offhand acquiescence and with subsequent unconcern. This, I submit, is not to take sex seriously, as we are told O'Hara does. It is to take sex to be a toy.

The result is that O'Hara has watered down what might have been a tragic scrutiny of the meaning of life into a reviewing-stand inspection of characters whose fate really does not matter

to us. It should not sound strange to hear that if only O'Hara's characters could ever *sin*, his work would begin to take on some tension and his creatures some depth. Their consciences are too rudimentary to allow us to think that they do realize enough to sin; hence they are not morally responsible agents whose trials and failures can speak a language to which our hearts can echo.

All this is perhaps a disquisition on literary techniques and attitudes. A strictly moral judgment is this: the book is nasty; it may perhaps contain not one single passage that is out-and-out pornographic, but the cumulative effect is one of corruption—a corruption all the more fetid because none of the characters seems morally capable of detecting its onset and its ravages.

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There comes a time in a man's life," O'Hara has written in *Butterfield 8*, "if he is unlucky and leads a full life, when he has a secret so dirty that he knows he never will get rid of it." I am afraid that to O'Hara the "dirty secret" is predominantly, if not always, sex. If that judgment is correct, then his attitude toward sex is adolescent rather than serious, but not for that reason less offensive.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

No Hamlet Harry

MEMOIRS: VOL. I, Year of Decisions.

By Harry S. Truman. Doubleday. 596p. \$5

Mr. Truman remarks in his preface that "few of our Presidents have told their own stories." Some died in office. Of the others Mr. Truman says:

Some were physically spent on leaving the White House and could not have undertaken to write even if they had wanted to. Some were embittered by the experience and did not care about living it again in telling about it.

Very much alive, unspent and unembittered, Mr. Truman, soon after leaving the White House, set out to tell his story.

This first volume covers but one of the nearly eight years of his Presidency. The fact that he will devote only a second volume, *Years of Trial and Hope*, to be published early in 1956, to the remaining years, is evidence of the importance he attaches to this *Year of Decisions*.

The events of this year were so complex, and ramify into so many questions of foreign and domestic policy, that no single volume could deal with them adequately. The important thing is that here we have Mr. Truman's own account. The selection of documents, the proportions of the narrative, the judgments of individuals and events are his own, and no one else could tell his story as he has.

Mr. Truman writes these *Memoirs* as a public man interested above all in the "facts" and in assembling some of the important documents that bear upon his actions as Senator and President. Even in the flashback to his early years he writes, as he puts it, "without any introspective trimmings." There is, in truth, little balancing of possible courses of action, little self-examination, few second thoughts. Truman is from the first a man of decision. There is no trace of Hamlet in him. Yet this first volume gives us, in one sense, "The Education of Harry Truman."

If the volume has a single pervasive theme, it is Truman's awakening to the imperialistic designs of Soviet Russia. While he went to Potsdam chiefly "to get from Stalin a personal reaffirmation of Russia's entry into the war against Japan," his experience there led him to resolve not to allow the Russians any part in the control of Japan. He stresses Russian failure to live up to the Crimea agreements on free elections, their manner of dominating the Allied Control Commission, and their cunning tactics in undermining political parties that might oppose them or their puppet regimes.

Mr. Truman's account of the Potsdam Conference is in many ways the most absorbing section of the book. Both in position and importance it constitutes the climax of this first volume of the *Memoirs*.

There are interesting and characteristically forthright evaluations of individuals; favorable ones of Stimson, Hopkins, Marshall and, of course, of Franklin Delano Roosevelt; somewhat less favorable ones of Henry Wallace, Byrnes and Morgenthau.

Except for the mere numbering of 30 chapters and an excellent index, there are no signposts to indicate the structure of the book. In so large a book this is unfortunate. Yet there are major divisions which might easily have been indicated with the result that the book would be much more usable.

While much in the volume makes heavy going, as official documents usually do, the book fulfills Mr. Truman's aim of setting forth with clarity the story, not of what he might have done, but of what he actually did. What finally emerges from the volume is the character of a man with limitations to be sure, but above all a man whose concept of leadership is rooted in a sense of justice and of the common good.

ALVAN S. RYAN

"Who" and "Why" Not Answered

THE PURPOSE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

By Huston Smith. Harper. \$3.50

What will happen when pragmatists, scientists, religionists, naturalists, idealists, transcendentalists and near-positivists are assembled in a comfortable room and are asked to formulate objectives for liberal education? Who would have the temerity to forecast the results? Prof. Smith's book is an enlargement of a report made by a committee which had as its task the preparation of a statement of objectives for liberal education. The committee was composed of members who were proponents of the varieties of philosophical experience noted above.

It may be something of a surprise that Prof. Smith's book appeared at all, but that it has is probably testimony to the perseverance of the committee that did the basic work, rather than evidence that philosophical consensus is possible after all, if men have the

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will to understand one another and a common concern for the future of education.

The author is not concerned with disagreements but with agreements, and he is convinced that "the more profound the advocates on either side of the fences, the more they tend to agree; it is at the level of superficiality that the clashes are most acute" (p. 5). There is much truth in this view; many have fallen into the fallacy of the "nothing but." However, if one were to recast the sentence to read: "the more profound the advocates on either side of the fences, the more basic their disagreements will be," it would express more adequately the heart of the matter.

The Purposes of Higher Education is considerably less than its title implies, for higher education may be quite properly something other than liberal, though this reviewer is convinced that liberal education is a necessary foundation upon which to build higher studies. Prof. Smith equates higher education and liberal education, which makes the entire treatment of the purposes of higher education somewhat myopic from the beginning.

The book is divided into two parts. Part I, "Education Beyond Six Opposites," hops, skips and jumps over, around and under absolutism, relativism, objectivity, commitment, freedom, authority, egoism, altruism, individual, state, sacred and secular. Part II, "The Aims of Liberal Education," is a discussion of the knowledges, abilities, appreciations and motivations which are to be the outcomes of liberal education. "The Uses of Academic Freedom" appears as an appendix.

No one need be offended by anything in Prof. Smith's book, for weak compromise or ineffective consensus is never offensive, though if taken as a steady diet it may be very debilitating. Good books are like good maps—keen sense of direction is necessary to both. If one is not going anywhere, only out for a joy ride, a poor map may be as acceptable as a good one; and a book built on eclecticism may be enjoyable, though not very profitable, reading.

This reviewer would avoid doing the author an injustice by suggesting that he was merely recording the views of the committee. If this is the case, he cannot be held responsible for failing to discover that the unavoidable preamble to any theory of education is the nature of the person to be educated, not "What are we going to do when we teach?" But on page one we read

that all educational questions "swirl around" this one, "which is absolutely basic." "What," in education, depends upon "who" and "why," and cannot be answered until "who" and "why" are answered.

Liberal education is concerned with "knowledge cast in the mold of activating principles supported or illustrated by relevant facts" (p. 149). The source of this knowledge, according to Dr. Smith, is the worlds in which we live. But he sees only the physical and human worlds. The spiritual world, as real a world as the physical or human, seems not to contain any facts which are relevant or which may be illustrated.



The spiritual world is not a source of knowledge for liberal education, though "teaching about religion belongs in the curriculum" (p. 146). The caution is added that "unqualified generalizations concerning its worth should be rejected . . ." Religious beliefs are real, they are facts and may be illustrated, but it is another thing to insist upon the validity of what is believed.

Besides containing knowledge which is true, liberal education must demand that knowledge be significant, useful. Knowledge which does not meet this test, or knowledge which is thought to be good in itself, knowledge for its own sake, is "useless at best, at worst cluttering nuisance" (p. 151).

Chapter six, "The Individual Versus the State," is an excellent chapter, but there is some possibility that the reader will, before he gets to chapter six, have cast *The Purposes of Higher Education* into that heap of less than worth-while books on liberal education which have appeared over the past decade.

EDWARD J. POWER

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A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

By Walter Lord. Holt. 175p. \$3.50

On April 14, 1912 there occurred one of the most spectacular maritime disasters of the 20th century. The giant luxury liner *Titanic*, pride of the White Star Line, en route from Southampton to New York on her maiden voyage, struck an iceberg and sank in the icy North Atlantic with a loss of 1,502 lives. Though the story of this tragedy has been told and retold in journalism and literature during the intervening 43 years, it seems certain that Walter Lord's detailed and carefully researched account will be considered the most accurate and dependable version of what actually happened during the dark hours of that fateful night.

Mr. Lord's technique is similar to Jim Bishop's in writing *The Day Lin-*

coln Was Shot. After many years of research, which included interviews with 63 of the living survivors, he has scrupulously reconstructed an hour-by-hour picture of the disaster. From the moment (11:40 P.M.) when a startled lookout high in the *Titanic's* crow's nest first reported the huge berg looming out of the night, until the time—nine hours later—when the black hull had disappeared from sight and the last of the 705 survivors had been pulled from the freezing sea, all is told. Here, if ever, was a drama that required no embellishment, and Mr. Lord has been content for the most part to let the facts speak for themselves.

What emerges is a mixture of overconfidence, heroism and stupidity. Eleven stories high and four city blocks long, the *Titanic* was not only the largest and fastest ship afloat, but because

of her below-decks construction was considered unsinkable. Yet 45 minutes after she struck the iceberg, her captain knew she was lost. Her 20 lifeboats could accommodate only slightly more than half of the 2,207 persons aboard, and many of the boats were launched with less than capacity loads. Though in general the rule of women and children first was enforced by the crew, second- and third-class passengers were grossly discriminated against in loading the boats. After the S.O.S. was sent out, nearly four hours elapsed before the liner *Carpathia*, racing at top speed, could reach the scene. At the same time, less than ten miles away, the *California* steamed along, unaware that anything had happened.

For Capt. Edward J. Smith of the *Titanic* (who, Mr. Lord believes, went down with his ship) the author has nothing but praise, and in general the crew, he feels, rose splendidly to the occasion. Among the passengers there were both heroes and cowards, but once the incredible truth became apparent, legendary acts of gallantry were commonplace.

Mr. Lord has gone to great pains to collate and evaluate all available evidence connected with the disaster and quietly disproves myths and fills in many gaps in the record. The historic illustrations, many from the author's own collection, contribute almost as much as the text toward the reader's understanding of events. *A Night to Remember* is a continuously interesting book.

JOHN M. CONNOLLE

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THE SUBURBAN CHILD

By James Kenward. Cambridge University Press. 142p. \$2.75

THE EXURBANITES

By A. C. Spectorsky. Lippincott. 278p. \$3.95

Phyllis McGinley, in a recent review of *The Exurbanites*, remarks that we are now deep into the Age of Anthropology—"of documentation, analysis and classification." These two books are simultaneous arrivals on this lengthening shelf of American social anthropology. Each writer limits his survey to his field of private experience; each makes an impressive and distinctive valedictory to the extra-urban stratum he has left behind.

Mr. Kenward is full of gentle nostalgia for the suburbia of his childhood,

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Suburbia was, Mr. Kenward remem- bers, more a state of childhood than a place, and for him it possessed all the grace and charm of untroubled ro- mantic memory. In the stable, late- Victorian, unbloody years of his child- hood he learned the pleasures of life for a small boy living on the edge of buttercup fields, and apparently he never left them entirely behind: "some people outgrow their childhood, and others grow out of their childhood."

A far different matter is Mr. Spec- torsky's study, a humorously told hor- ror tale, with the country side *beyond* Suburbia, Exurbia, as the villain and its well-to-do, harrassed, confused resi- dents the heroes and heroines. Exurban- ites are, in the main, highly paid workers in the communications pro- fessions who work in New York City. They live in Fairfield or Bucks or Rock- land County, in \$40,000 houses; they own all the standard electrical and electronic home equipment; they drink heavily; they belong to clubs. They live a typical, high-powered, jargoned existence, always in debt, always the hapless victims of unfulfilled visions of the ideal life.

But Mr. Sectorsky, himself an ex- Exurbianite, does more than merely cata- log the characteristics, habits, failings and common traits of his chosen slice of Upper Crust. His observations lead him into valuable philosophical con- siderations. He sees his Exurbanites as clinging to their "limited dream" of life, which is derived from their neigh- bors in the upper brackets, and to their "secret dream": a dream of simplicity and escape from the terrible limitations of Exurbia.

A most subtle and wryly humorous study, the *Exurbanites* is a horror story in that God never seems to have been permitted to set foot in Exurbia to any effective degree, and because goods have been effectively substituted for Good. Here is a picture of American culture at its most awful, full of rich little foxes, affluent beavers and am- bitious rabbits, a long, long field of buttercups away from the gentle good- ness of James Kenward's suburbs.

DORIS GRUMBACH

THE DECLINE OF AMERICAN LIBERALISM

By Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr. Longmans, Green. 364p. \$7.50

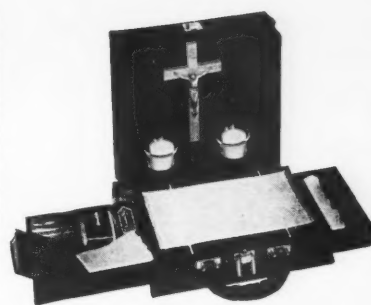
In the last few years a sizable num- ber of books, articles and reviews have appeared with the avowed purpose of reviving conservative thought and mak- ing it respectable again. The word "lib- eral" formerly had a good connotation in this country, but in recent years it has taken on a suspect and even an insidious connotation. The conservative reaction has been as pronounced in matters intellectual as in affairs econom- ic and political.

Prof. Ekirch's book attempts to rescue American liberalism from this invidious meaning the conservatives have given to the term. In effect, it is a funeral dirge to American liberalism, a sorrow- ful announcement that its days are done and that the future looks bleak to in- tellectuals who prize their freedoms highly. But, its author maintains, these liberals can be satisfied that American liberalism has championed sound values and has served this country well.

The title of this book is perhaps mis- leading. It might better be called some- thing like "The Liberal Ideal in Ameri- can History," for it courses through American history rather evenly, devot- ing about one-third of its examination to the first half of American history, a second third to the period from the Civil War to the New Deal and the last third to contemporary affairs.

A stickler for words might suggest that Dr. Ekirch should have used the term "individualism" rather than "lib- eralism," because he really treats the decline of individualism in American history. The apogee is reached in our early history, in the days of Jefferson and Jackson, and from then until the present time there has been a steady over-all decline. Both the crushing weight of industrialism, with its ac- companying institutions, and the de- veloping "climate of opinion" worked inevitably to bring about the decline of what Ekirch calls "American Libera- lism."

The book is written calmly and in even temper. The author's sympathy is obviously for the liberal throughout American history. But he does not fight battles. He relates a story, and he does so with a large degree of objectivity. The New Deal, for example, is analyzed as containing certain liberal, reform ele- ments, but also as being anti-liberal in its tendency toward paternalism and a planned economy.



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THE AMERICA PRESS

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Any informed reader will disagree with many of the author's judgments, but he is likely to conclude that this work offers a balanced view between the older liberal accounts and the somewhat overstated conservative reaction of the last few years.

THOMAS P. NEILL

THE SEA AND THE STONE

By Charmian Clift and George Johnston.
Bobbs-Merrill. 366p. \$3.95

The people of Kalymnos, one of the Sporades Islands just off the southern end of the bulge of Asia Minor into the Mediterranean, lived for 3,000 years on the annual sponge crop reaped from the coastal shelves of the islands and the northern coasts of Africa. Its men were sailors and divers, as were the men of the neighboring islands of Leros, Kos, Nisiros and Tilos.

Their island home had long been denuded of timber; the land rose sharply from the sea to a mountain peak nearly 3,000 feet above sea level. The scant vegetation gave grazing to sheep and goats and supported bushes which were gleaned for firewood. As long as the sea yielded the silky sponges which they bleached and prepared and cut for the world market, the folk prospered well enough.

But when men in laboratories across the ocean devised a synthetic sponge, the market almost disappeared. Hard times came to Kalymnos; only the most hardy and home-loving stayed to eke out a living on the stone in the sea which was their ancestral land. Daring the hazards of the deeps, first as skin-divers plummeting down 40 and 50 feet with a stone tied to the wrists, then as suit-divers at greater depths, these sturdy survivors of an old civilization went out each year with their bright-painted boats, leaving wives and children waiting in black-veiled mourning and in fear until their return.

A bad year meant hunger; every year there were men crippled or lost. When the men came home for the winter, the taverns and the streets rang with songs and with the wild music of the tsabouna.

The tragic story of these people, heroic in their simplicity and courage, is the theme of this novel that Australian-born George Johnston and his wife have written from their own life among the Kalymnians. The authors

have made the island and its people come vitally to life—brilliantly so in the persons of Manoli, captain and hero of the fleet of Kalymnos, and Mina, the widowed mother of a boy crippled with tuberculosis of the bone.

Morgan Leigh, like Mr. Johnston an Australian veteran of World War II in the Greek Peninsula, comes to live on Kalymnos to write. He is accepted by the islanders because of his obvious sympathy with them. He falls under the spell of Mina's mature beauty, but realizes that she and Manoli belong together. He is loved by Irini, restless and rootless daughter of wealthy sponge-dealer Paul Pelacos, who also succumbs briefly to the virile attraction of Manoli. Leigh goes with Manoli on a sponging expedition along the Africa coast. The disastrous cruise is one of the most powerful sequences in the book, which has many moving passages, notably the night of Christos Papalagos' despair.

Adult readers will find this a stirring, compassionately novel which will quicken their sympathies for a brave and sturdy folk.

R. F. GRADY

UTOPIA 1976

By Morris L. Ernst. Rinehart and Company. 305p. \$3.50

THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE

By Sir George Thomson. Cambridge University Press. 166p. \$2.50

Each age envisions its own Utopia. St. Thomas More's England beheld an island distinguished by ideal human relationships. Edward Bellamy's United States saw a modernized America purged of its imperfections. The perfected societies of Morris Ernst and Sir George Thomson (for the latter's view is in many respects Utopian) are based upon the further development of "science."

Consequently the future looks, in these forecasts, very much the same as it did in the conceptions of Herbert Spencer or the early H. G. Wells. Less kindly, one might remark that these are the same tomorrows once devastatingly satirized by Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World*. Whatever the similarity may be, the basis for progressive development is, in the eyes of both authors, primarily materialistic.

"Civilized mankind at present is rather like a child who has been given

Death of a Nun

Suddenly all the clocks stopped ticking:
Morning, noon and night
Poured as three raindrops into one
And melted out of sight.

The walls, the faces, all my world,
The sky outdoors, the ground,
Were there one moment, and the next
Had vanished without sound.

And that familiar flesh and bone,
Which walked and breathed and spoke,
Fell from me and was carried off
Like a discarded cloak.

And then I saw—but surely not
With any eyes of mine—
To open on such Light the eye
Must first become divine.

Love casts no shade: His arms are brightness
Holding only light.
Being now all love and shadowless,
I go to my Delight.

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too many toys for its birthday," remarks Sir George. This being true, it would seem sensible to withhold further gifts of toys until the child has managed to master those it already possesses. What value is there in providing machines for "artificial thinking" or for travel to other planets if the world cannot or will not control its use of atomic energy? The remedy for abuse of scientific invention is not more scientific invention; yet both writers apparently think it is.

Neither seems to recognize the necessity or existence of moral absolutes. In their improved worlds, for example, birth control will play an honored part. "Knowledge of contraception will be translated into profoundly new attitudes toward the home and children," says Mr. Ernst. "There is no true instinct prompting the human race to have children," pontificates Sir George. All actions, in other words, are of value only in so far as they improve the life conditions of the human race.

One is tempted to ask if these men are serious in their statements. They certainly seem to be. It can only be hoped that too many others do not also take them seriously. These are the theories which the West in the past half-century has tried and found disastrous. They have produced scientific geniuses and moral morons. Let us heed them no more.

H. L. ROFINOT

THE COLOSSUS AGAIN: Western Germany from Defeat to Rearmament
By Alfred Grosser. Praeger. 243p. \$4.75

Among the many books written on Germany this is outstanding. It is a most comprehensive study, not sparing facts and figures, and yet written in a pleasant style that makes for smooth reading. The author is cautious in his judgments, always intent to balance the pros and cons and to avoid pitfalls of simplification. His book will help the expert and informed person to get a summary of data, trends and developments. It will introduce a newcomer in the field of international studies into the vastness of the German question and its close relationship to the West-East struggle.

The American reader will in particular profit by the fact that the author is French and approaches the problems from a French perspective. This makes

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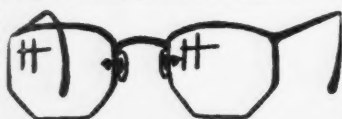
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him highly sensitive without, however, depriving him of a broad outlook encompassing the basic value-premises of Western civilization.

The first short chapter gives a complete survey of the events that led from the first negotiations between the Allies to the present situation, in which Germany has become a pawn in the struggle for power between the United States and the USSR. In the third chapter we are presented with a brilliant analysis of German economic policy as drafted by Prof. Ludwig Erhard, the Minister of Economics. Together with the following chapter on the social background, it shows us the limitation of an economic liberalism whose social element has been mostly lost in the very real fight for power between Erhard and the big industry in the center of which Erhard's law against cartels stands.

These passages, partly dealing with the conflict between Erhard and Minister of Finance Fritz Schäffer, are most timely today, when Schäffer is spoken of as heir-presumptive to Adenauer. In other chapters the author makes us familiar with the labor unions, the attitudes of the young generation, the strange reawakening of the old student spirit of nationalism and social exclusiveness. We hear of progress and ambiguity in the organized youth movement and, against this broad background, learn of the political currents and the vagaries of a new nationalism. At the end we are left with some feeling of genuine uneasiness about the rearmament issue.

Each chapter is followed by a large bibliography, which is so well selected that the book could be used as starting point for any scientific study of today's German question.

Twice, and with an expression of deepest respect, does the author mention the name of Theodor Heuss, the President of the Federal Republic. Heuss represents the old spirit of true humanistic liberalism. It so happens that the first part of Heuss' memoirs has been recently published in English under the title *Preludes to Life* (Citadel Press, New York). Alas, they are written in such a way that only an intimate connoisseur of the atmosphere of Southern Germany and of the period preceding World War I can enjoy them. In addition, the translation is lamentable—quite in contrast to the excellent English text that Mr. Grosser's translator, Richard Rees, has produced.

RUDOLPH E. MORRIS

ALVAN S. RYAN is on the faculty of the School of American Civilization at Notre Dame University.

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JOHN M. CONNOLLE is on the editorial staff of the New York *Times Book Review*.

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H. L. ROFINOT is assistant professor of history at Villanova College.

REV. R. F. GRADY, S.J., is chairman of the English Department at the University of Scranton.

RUDOLPH E. MORRIS, of the Department of Sociology at Marquette University, is a member of the Executive Council of the Midwest Conference of Political Scientists.

FILMS

GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE. The lady in the salutation is a school teacher and the film, based on Frances Gray Patton's novel, apparently aspires to be a distaff equivalent of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*.

Miss Dove (Jennifer Jones), a middle-aged spinster with implacably fixed and meticulous habits and a magnificent disdain for modern fashions, is first discovered making her usual, precise-as-clockwork morning way down the main street of Liberty Hill to school. Once in class, however, she is seized by alarming, anything but usual, medical symptoms.

Maintaining a firm grasp on both her dignity and her composure, she manages to summon aid and, with the active cooperation of three former pupils, the local doctor (Robert Stack), minister (Biff Elliott) and policeman (Chuck Connors), is speedily ensconced in the hospital.

While Miss Dove is waiting to learn her fate, the film uses a variety of flashback gambits to tell us how the teacher came to be the way she is.

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Miss Dove, it develops, is the possessor of an impressive catalog of altogether admirable qualities. Her sense of honor led her, as a young girl, to renounce her marriage plans in order to pay off her father's debts. Later on the same sense of obligation impelled her to risk her own savings to stop a run on the bank.

She also stands four-square against social snobbery and race prejudice and behind a high and unyielding standard of right and wrong. And, almost as though there were no controversy on the subject, the film admirably reports that she believes in stern classroom discipline to the extent that she is known as "the terrible Miss Dove."

All this, in color and CinemaScope too, comes under the heading of wholesome family entertainment. It would be a lot better, though, if it were a little more incisive and less saccharine and if the script succeeded more often in demonstrating Miss Dove's virtues and influence rather than telling us about them (20th Century-Fox).

THREE STRIPES IN THE SUN is another "wholesome, sentimental family picture" with some unexpected dividends of substance and honesty. For its story the film turns to a touching actual incident—the sponsorship of a Catholic orphanage in Osaka, Japan, by an American regiment stationed there soon after World War II. In particular it is the story of Master Sergeant Hugh O'Reilly (Aldo Ray), who sparkplugged the charitable endeavor and fell in love with a Japanese girl.

Whether the real-life Sergeant O'Reilly had first to overcome a war-bred hatred of the Japanese and then exorcise the subtler prejudices that complicated his romance as the film's hero does I do not know. The movie, in any case, handles these shifting attitudes with forthrightness and conviction and the heroine is played, not by a Hollywood starlet made up for the part, but by a charming Japanese actress, Mitsuko Kimura. As far as the rest of the picture goes the GI's are lively and believable types and the orphans are almost irresistible (Columbia).

QUEEN BEE. In Joan Crawford vehicles the star is always extravagantly groomed and gowned and the center of highly colored dramatic situations. Usually, also, she is a great-hearted woman afflicted by soap opera woes.

This one departs from formula by making her a real monster of selfish-

ness and lack of scruples, whom women loathe on sight but men do not get around to hating until after they have found her irresistible. Miss Crawford has a field day exuding venom along with her usual glamor. The circumstances occasioning her virtuosic performance are unremittingly preposterous (Columbia).
MOIRA WALSH

Correspondence (Continued)

of greatness, but it seems so far superior to other Hollywood products that it should receive a defter handling in *AMERICAN* columns. True, *Seven Cities* is, in places and at times, more Hollywood than history, but, in this respect, it is far superior to other such efforts...

Despite these defects, *Seven Cities* is considerably more than a "pious Western," and the words of the dramatic critic of *Sign* magazine are more to the point: "This is the Father Serra story or, at least, the best account of his heroic career that the screen has yet presented."

While Miss Walsh's review is not essentially unfair, many readers could easily have concluded from it that they could and would miss *Seven Cities* without really missing anything...

Seven Cities deserves to be seen, and that is why I write these lines from this Far Western frontier, which is Serra-conscious and rightly so.

(REV.) JOHN B. MCGLOIN, S.J.
San Francisco, Calif.

Patriotism in Action

EDITOR: In your "Open Letter to Dr. Hutchins" (AM. 10/8) you mention three positions tenable for loyal persons. When one reads the position of the rightist group ("unsympathetic . . . to social justice . . . indifferent to real problems in civil liberties") and then that of the left ("nothing right or wrong in itself . . . no mode of conduct beyond . . . adoption by society") one wonders if you have relegated "loyalty" and "patriotism" to mere manifestation of sentiment, especially when you in your turn say: "There is, fortunately, in this controversy no question about loyalty."

The people of these extreme groups may "mean well" or be "in good faith," but do they have the real love of country that must be found in the genuine patriot? How are their protestations of love more than mere verbiage? Let's demand a proof of love in deeds, not "subjective attitudes."

(REV.) CHARLES I. PRENDERGAST, S.J.
Olanchito (Yoro), Honduras, C. A.

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MOIRA WALSH

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